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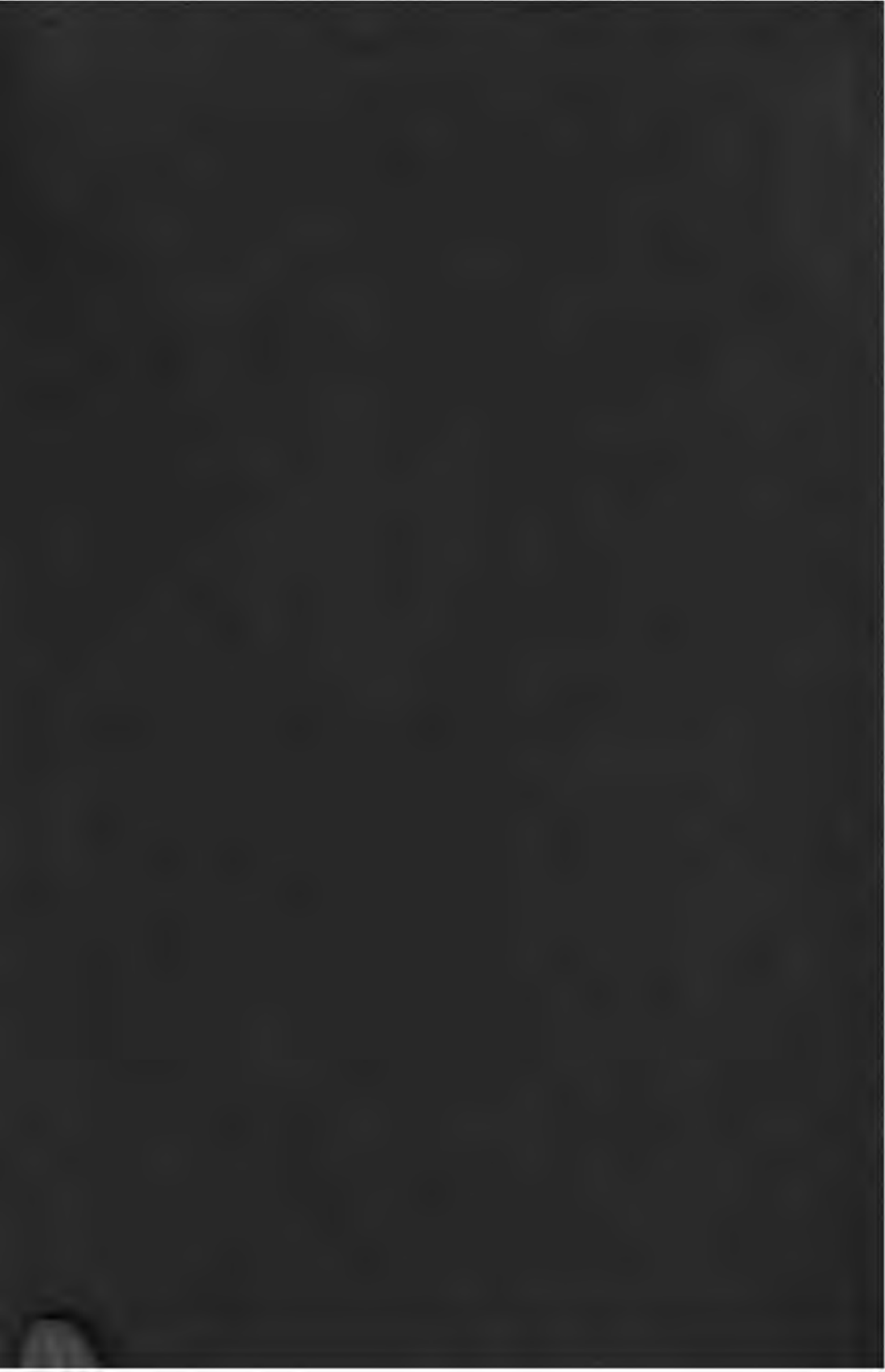


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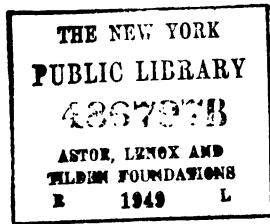
E. Richard Schiff

Intermountain Folk:
Songs of Their Days and Ways

BY
E. RICHARD SHIPP,

RM

CASPER
THE CASPER STATIONERY COMPANY
PUBLISHERS
1922
mgs



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PRINTED BY
THE COMMERCIAL PRINTING COMPANY
CASPER, WYOMING, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To My Wife:

We two, You and I, hand in hand
Have wander'd down the aisles of time
Content with things that have been, and
Joyful that Life by His sublime
Will has been so pleasant and grand;
Listening, one hears the bells chime,
The music of an unseen band,
The footsteps of souls as they climb

* * * * *

Up, ever upward to the sky
Beside we two, just you and I.

Wireden, Mar. 5, 1949

Books by Mr. Shipp

In Preparation

IN WYOMING

INTERMOUNTAIN SONGS

WHAT SAINTLY FOLK

"OUR FOREFATHERS BROUGHT FORTH"

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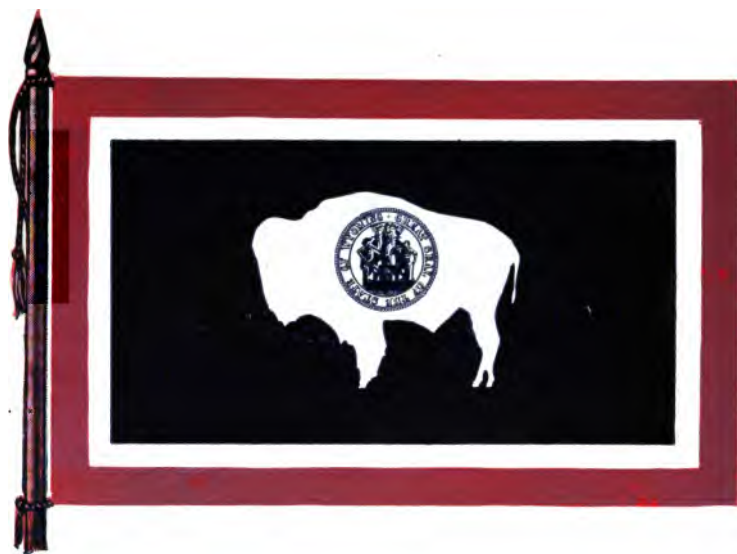
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Intermountain Folk:
Songs of Their Days and Ways



*In Wyoming
When the wind blows
It blows and blows.
Just why it blows
Nobody knows,
But the wind blows
And blows and blows
In Wyoming.*





IN WYOMING



Our Wyoming

The Master Builder in the long ago,
Before the light of day,
While the chill dark was above, below,
All round about His way,
With careful hand laid the foundation,
Built the Earth, stone on stone,
Did all the labor of Creation
Unaided and alone.

His sentinels, forbidding and bold,
Unfaltering stand through time,
White mantels of snow their heads enfold;
Upward, growing things climb
Cloaking their massive shoulders with green;
Their ears fill with sweet sound
From rushing torrents, tumbling unseen
Down to the meadow ground.

Deep within Earth's cold and rock-bound breast,
For future use of man,
Rich treasures stored in Nature's chest
According to his plan;
Down beneath mountains and desert sands
Safely laid them away
To be found by eager, earnest hands,
Searching for wealth today.

Wyoming, wonderful State of Mine,
Where skies are blue and clear,
The blessings of Providence are thine!
Coal is there, iron here,
Copper and oil, and silver and gold,
In Old Earth's bosom rest.
Oh, Wyoming! With riches untold
Full is thy Treasure Chest!

Wyoming Skies

If one could paint
The glory of the skies,
Our dear Wyoming skies,
Each knoll and little rise,
The landscape as it lies
Neath the morning sunrise
God's wonderful sunrise,
What pleasure for the eyes,
What wonder and surprise

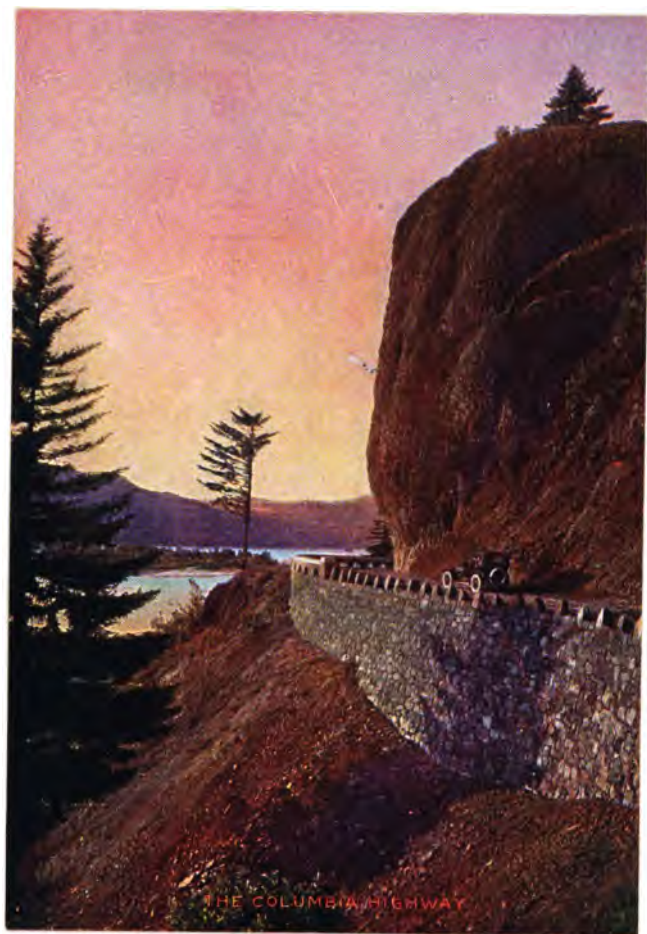
If one could paint
The glory of the skies,
Our dear Wyoming skies.

If one could paint
The colors of each cloud,
Each floating, shifting cloud
As the sun splits night's shroud,
Beneath which, dumb brutes bowed
And slept; each drifting cloud
Throwing shades on fields new plowed,
What exclamations loud
From an unbelieving crowd

If one could paint
The colors of each cloud,
Each floating, shifting cloud.

If one could paint
The sky's blue robes of fire,
Burnished blue robes of fire,
Each fleck of light on spire
And roof, on bush and briar
New dressed in spring attire;
That painting would inspire
With holiest desire,
Man and matron, maid and sire,

If one could paint
The sky's blue robes of fire,
Burnished blue robes of fire.



THE COLUMBIA HIGHWAY

If one could paint
The sunset's mellow glow,
Wyoming's sunset glow,
Each gray dancing shadow
Of the silent night, slow
Driving the sun below
Each hill, each valley low,
(Sinking without a blow),
Quiet as the streamlet's flow,

If one could paint
The sunset's mellow glow,
Wyoming's sunset glow.

If one could paint
The new moon's yellow light,
Bright golden yellow light,
With a radiance bright
Flooding the mountain's height;
Paint each shadow in flight,
Fantastic scouts of night,
Reeling now left now right,
Oh, how great the delight

If one could paint
The new moon's yellow light,
Bright golden yellow light.

Mariposa

("Not quite like anything else in nature")

Vestments of Solomon,
Coat of Joseph,
Cloaks of Kings,
Robes of Angels,
none of these—
not one—

hold Thy Glory
Oh, Mariposa,
Lily of the High Hills,
Flower of Spring.

* * * * *

Rubies of Burmah,
Sapphires of Brazil,
Jades of Turkestan,
Diamonds of the Cape,
none of these—

not one—
hold Thy Glory
Lily of the High Hills,
Flower of Mountain Trails.

* * * * *

Sunrise at sea,
Rainbow in the sky,
Sunset in the hills,
Moonlight on the water,
none of these—

not one—
hold Thy Glory
Oh, Mariposa,
Lily of the High Hills,
Flower of the Yosemite.

* * * * *

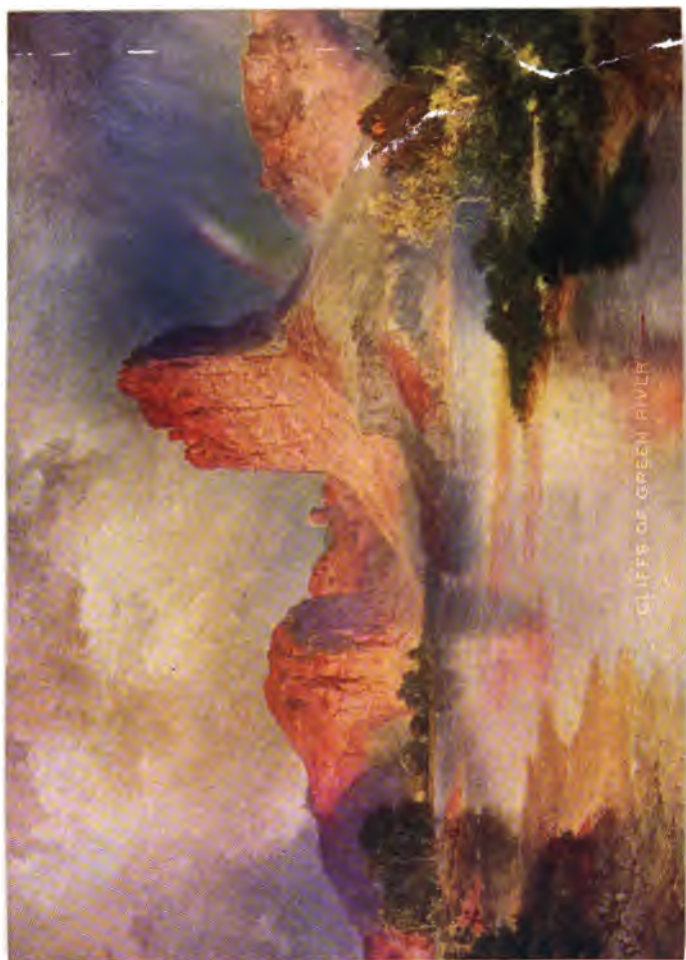
Fruit of Orange Tree,
Bloom of Apple Tree,
Fruit of Cherry Tree,
Bloom of Peach Tree,
none of these—

not one—
hold Thy Glory
Oh, Mariposa,
Lily of the High Hills,
Flower of the Grand Canyon.

Roses,
Peonies,
Dahlias,
Hyacinths,
none of these—
not one—
hold Thy Glory
Oh, Marisopa,
Lily of the High Hills,
Flower of the Yellowstone.

* * * * *

Tails of Peacocks,
Wings of Butterflies,
Breasts of Hummingbirds,
Feathers of Macaws,
none of these—
not one—
hold Thy Glory
Oh, Mariposa,
Lily of the High Hills,
Flower of Heaven.



Daybreak in Wyoming

The Master Painter, brush in hand,
Stands on the rim of the morn.
A glowing light is on the land,
Bold Night is of its blackness shorn
As stroke on stroke He paints the skies
In shifting lines that fill the eyes.

Deftly He lays the colors on,
Spreads tints in a thousand hues,
As darkness fades before the dawn
The sun peeps through changing blues,
A blood-red, blazing torch of flame,
And clouds and sky His glory frame.

The Tang of the Sage

In my *roll-out*, under the great blue dome,
I hear the lonely coyote's wailing cry;
I watch the stars parade across the sky.
Through piled-up masses of soft white foam

The flickering campfire's shadowy light,
While the tang of the sage is in the air
And music by an unseen choir fills the night,
Builds temples, holy places of prayer.

From the leaves that whisper, harmonies flow
While the brook sings a musical prayer—
Dreamless is my sleep, as the fire burns low,
For the tang of the sage is in the air.

The River

I stand on the
Bank of a River,
a Swollen River
at Flood,
a Dark, Turbulent River
and Hear the
lap-lap of the waves
Digging and Gnawing
at the Earth
Under my Feet;
Gnawing and Digging,
Day and Night,
at the Earth
Under my Feet.
I Hear a Loud Splash
and the Resistless Waves
Sweep against My Feet
as they close over a
Soul and
Bear It Away.
I see the Earth
Crumble, and
Melt, and
Fall into the Stream
and Know
My Footing
Will Soon Give Way
and I, too, shall
Splash into the
Sullen Current that is
Digging and Gnawing
at the Earth
Under My Feet;
Gnawing and Digging,
Day and Night,
at the Earth
Under My Feet.

Mountain Waters

High on God's everlasting hills,
Far up beyond the timber line
Where bitter cold freezes and chills,
Is a tiny life-giving shrine.

Murmuring gently through the day,
From underneath the cold, white snow,
Shining silver threads steal away
And hurry-scurry, downward go.

Through fern beds and carpets of moss,
Dancing beneath musical pines,
First this way, then that, then across,
Then back under the clinging vines.

One Wyoming Day

The sun arose today, a sea of molten gold;
In his slow-moving barge—Ah! what a royal sight!
Came sailing through space on foaming billows of gold
Flooding low valleys and hoary old hills with light.

Spurning the waves, pausing not, he brought another day
For souls to live and strive with hopes and joys and tears.
By God ordained to keep forever on his way
Dispelling darkness, and gloom, and all our childish fears.

From the east he creeps higher, and yet still higher;
At mid-day begins dropping slowly down the west—
Sails slowly downward—lights the skies with crimson fire—
Is gone—day is past—comes darkness, quiet, peace, rest.

A Wyoming Sunset

Down through an ocean of fire-capt white,
Below a velvet sky of lapis blues,
The sun drops slowly from human sight,
And clouds fill with quick changing hues.

Sinking slowly, yet loth to depart,
Painting God's glory, writing His name,
Graving it deep on each human heart,
Covering the west with a crimson flame.

In a flame that flares across the skies,
Reds, greens, yellows, purples and pinks,
Shading and fading before the eyes,
To a night of rest he gently sinks.



The Land God Blest

Centuries ago, God built the West,
Laid its foundations with a Master Hand,
Raised its massive framework from the sand,
Drew crystal streams from out the mountain's breast.

Then carelessly, yet with an artist's eyes,
Placed the trees and sage, each rippling rill,
Each rock and stone, each valley and hill,
And canopied them with the bluest skies.

Made bold, hand-painted canyons, deep and wild,
Where racing streams, with musical sound,
Flash and dance in glee on the rock-strewn ground,
And Nature's garments are pure and undefiled.

Travel the trails that lead from East to West,
Winding and twisting, first this way, then that,
Curving and turning over hill and flat,
Ride these trails through the Land that God has Blest!

Go down a valley or across the plain,
Through broad fields of waving emerald green,
Thence up, through clouds, to heights before unseen—
'Twill draw your eyes and make you look again.

* * * * *

'Tis Nature's Wonderland, perforce you'll say,
Where deep and soundless silences inspire,
While the sun goes down in a flaming fire,
As the evening grows cool and sweet and gray.

An August Rain

The storm clouds gathered in the West tonight,
Green and threatening as the sun sank low;
Flying battalions, all edged with light,
Were red, purple and pink, shading to grayish glow.

Fast they changed from green to black, and still more black,
Light flashes shot through and through from sky to sky,
And loud, long-rolling thunder echoed back
From mountainside hidden from every eye.

The drops came splashing against the window pane,
Scattering skirmishers thrown out in advance,
Then the main body in a torrent of rain
Leapt about on the grass in a goblin's dance.

* * * * *

Gone—the grass and flowers and shrubs in its path,
Sweet, smelly scents cast upon the evening breeze
In grateful thanksgiving for a cleansing bath;—
To their mates birds softly talked in dripping trees.

Then Night came swiftly down,—stars shone here and there,
Silent sentinels, guardians of the Night;
The church bells rang the call to the evening prayer;
And peace lay on the world until the morning light.

Snow Blind

I turn
mine eyes to the East
and the Horizon
shivers
shakes and
quivers in the
Sunlight.

In the West
a wavering line marks
the place where the
World Ends.
North and South
as I gaze
the quivering, shivering,
freezing glare
Dims in mine eyes,
dimmer and dimmer
grows my sight
until I no longer
See.

As the wail of a
Lonely Coyote beats
on the Frost-bitten Air
My Soul, alone in the
White Wilderness,
grows Faint with
Lonesomeness.

"Cowboys"

This wurkin' on a "dude" ranch is hell—
Wranglin' "dudes" an' hearin' 'em beller
W'en they gits throwed; an' "dudines,"—Gosh! well
Hit gits on the nerves uv a feller
'Til he haint got no sense!

The "Ole Man," him whut owns this here ranch,
Says hit pays him better'n raisin' calves;
He's gittin' fat, growin' a awful paunch
Settin' 'round—can't do nothin' by halves—
'Cause he haint got no sense!

They's lots uv wurk a-settin' up the stage,
An' a-fixin up the scenery—
Hit 'most makes a feller choke with rage
That he's a actor fer "dudes;" b'lieve me—
He jest haint got no sense!

An' hit keeps up all through ther summer;
Teachin' "dudes" ter ride an' throw a rope;
They jest keeps gittin' dumber an' dumber;
As fer learnin' 'em—I done loss hope—
'Cause they haint got no sense!

Comes fall, ther "dudes" an' "dudines" goes home;
We cleans up ther mess, stores hit away,
Then rides 'til hosses is all white foam
Gittin' in ter town ter spend our pay—
'Cause WE haint got no sense!



Old Boy

Howdy!

"A good sheep dog?" Yes. No, he's not for sale.
Just as soon part with my right eye, stranger—
Old Boy knows it, too! See him wag his tail.
Sell him? Why, my life would be in danger!

Stranger, I don't blame her, but the woman
Thinks more of that dog than she does of me.
Say, he's got more sense than any human;
Knows our stock as far as he can see.

He's friendly enough to the ones he likes;
Them he don't . . . Stop that growling! Stop, I say!
Makes up his mind quick,—just like a trout strikes!
Stranger, when he does I follow his way!
Goodby!

My "Pinto Hawss"

"Pinto, you've been a good old hawss,
They never wuz no better one.
But we're done. . . . 'Too old!' says the boss,
'To ride herd!' Now, haint that hell, son? . . .
Hile, Hi-lo,
Away we go!

"We've rid the range for twenty years,
Son, a-ropin' an' a-throwin'
An' a-brandin' darn white-face steers—
A-ridin' an' a-workin' like sin—
Hile, Hi-lo,
Away we go!

"Guess, mebbe he's right, ole son,
We're gittin' slow, our eyes is dim;
Kaint throw a rope, nur sight a gun;
Haint worth a cuss, we've lost our vim—
Hile, Hi-lo,
Away we go!

"There haint nuthin' fer us to do
No more, less'n it be herdin' sheep,
An' that's no job fer me an' you—
Dammit, son, don't you go an' weep—
Hile, Hi-lo,
Away we go!

"We're headed strai't out into the West,
Just you an' me, Pinto, ole son,
An' there we'll take our long-time rest
Under the stars. . . . Our race is run . . .
Hile, Hi-lo,
Away we go!

The Dying Shepherd

"I builded me a Monument
Last fall when I was herdin' sheep.
Looks like a tepee or a tent—
Find it; then, when I go to sleep,
Dig my grave there.

"It stands just south of Punkin Butte
'Bout half a mile, or maybe more;
The whistling winds sound like a lute
By angels played. When life is o'er—
Dig my grave there.

"No, it'll not be lonesome for me;
Flowers will bloom above my head
Each Spring through all Eternity—
Flowers for me; so, when I'm dead,
Dig my grave there.

"And the Kiote will sing his song
Thrilling the air with long-drawn wail.
Lonesome? If you think it, you're wrong!
When my end is come—do not fail—
Dig my grave there.

A Wyoming Meadow Lark

The early rising morning sun,
Scattering gloom of night that's done,
Brings the day, another race to run.

With my window open to the east
Come to me sounds of bird and beast
Wakening to the morning feast.

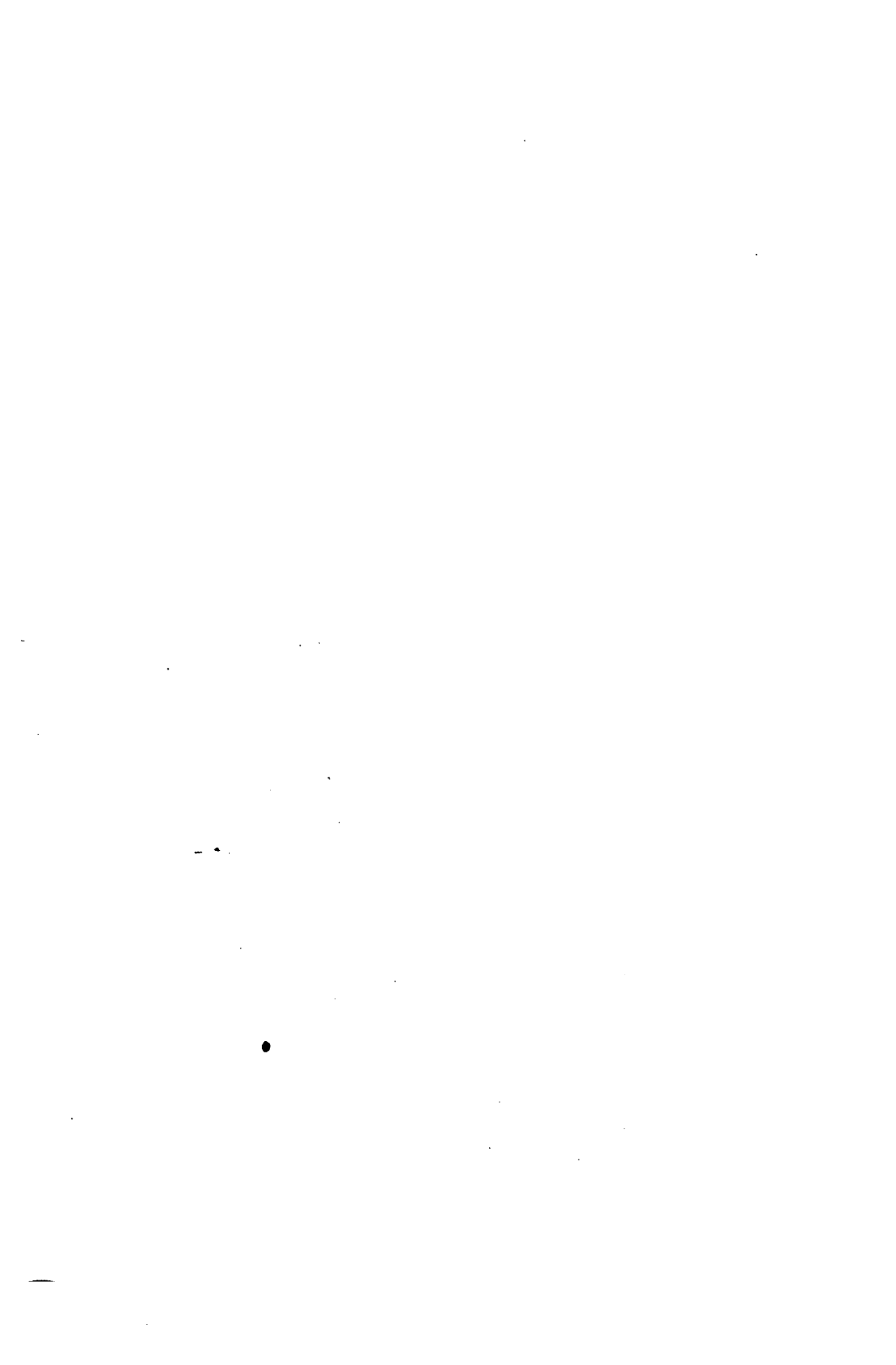
The squealing pigs in the barnyard pens
The lowing cows; the cackling hens;
The ducks and geese in lowland fens.

But clear and true above them all,
From out the maple, slim and tall,
I hear the *opera singer's call*.

Not one may with that song compete;
Gently sweet and low, low and sweet
With the joy the new-born day to greet.

A Westerner

**Tall of stature and gaunt of frame,
Always in the open in life's game;
As rugged as Wyoming's hills,
Pure and clean as her mountain rills;
Kind and lovable, stalwart and true,—
A man's man and a woman's, too!**



INTERMOUNTAIN SONGS



To the Dove

Our God to all, His peace doth bring;
Timid bird with the wondrous eyes,
In the orchard's shadowy light
I hear thy softly mournful cries
Grieving into the coming night,
Coo-u, coo-u; coo-u, coo-u.

Peaceful bird, cease that grieving cry;
Our God to all, His peace doth bring;
Spread wide thy wings and upward fly,
Leaving grief behind, joyful sing—
Coo-u, coo-u; coo-u, coo-u.

Day

I.

MORNING

As Cherubim light up the eastern sky
With mellow, softly changing ray of light,
Rainbow hues pass and change before the sight;
Sweet singers of the air trill as they fly
Through orchards green and fields of corn and rye,
And mark the ending of another night.
The wild water fowl rise with startled cry.
Fisher boats sail out from each bay and bight,
Another day is born for you to strive.
Opportunity comes to you again,
Incentive your ambition to revive
Life's battle, fighting on the highest plane—
Believing, hoping, praying, as a knight of old,
The fight may bring glory and fame and gold.

II.

NOON

At mid-day, the Sun in his Golden Car,
Swiftly and surely as the eagle flies,
Silently riding through azure skies
Scorches and burns on river, bay and bar;
Burns and scorches all the land near and far.
Yellowing heads of grain bow in meek surprise;
The spell of heat upon the whole world lies
Silent, peaceful without discordant jar,
Resting, and life renewing for the things
That must be met before the day is done.
The nooning hour is gone as though on wings,
And to their tasks the workers turn as one,
Stronger in faith that from our God above
Comes noon, and the mid-day Sun to show His love.

III.

NIGHT

The majesty and glory of the mountain,
Silver gleams the light on rivulet and run;
Shot with gorgeous hues from the setting sun;
Valleys golden with the ripening grain;
The murmur of leaves, and birds' crooning strain,
Lullabies of the night, day's work done;
From the distant fort hear the sunset gun;
Man may rest 'til day comes back again.
The beauty and splendor of the skies
Fill the mind with wonder and the heart with love,
And souls with worship; lowly spirits rise,
Giving us power to see God's home above
With clear, unfailing, and prophetic sight,
And certainty, that He watches, through the night.

Wayward Children

The Children in the Maple Tree
Listened to the Old North Wind say;
"It is time that you came with me;
The Summer's gone—you've worked your day!

"Hurry up! Hurry, I must go!
We'll travel fast to some big town
Where you can see the 'passing show,'
And each can show her newest gown.

"Come, dress yourselves in red and gold—
Away with your faded coat of green!
Break away from your mother's hold—
And we will see what may be seen!"

Whispering each unto the other,
They dressed themselves in red and gold,
And without goodbyes to mother,
Stole off with him into the cold.

Hinkety, Inkety, Winkety

Hinkety, Inkety, Winkety,
Far off, high up yonder in the sky,
Tell us, please, why you have just one eye,
Hinkety, Inkety, Winkety?

Silent moving on their way
Never a word answer they,
While Hinkety blinks, Inkety glares,
And Winkety winks and looks and stares.

Hinkety, Inkety, Winkety,
Each night you stroll down the Milky Way, .
But when it is day where do you stay,
Hinkety, Inkety, Winkety?

Hinkety blinks and Inkety glares
And Winkety winks and looks and stares,
Yet never a word say they,
But haughtily go their way.

Hinkety, Inkety, Winkety,
Where do you come from, where do you go,
Tell us truly, we want to know,
Hinkety, Inkety, Winkety?

But Hinkety blinks, Inkety glares
And Winkety winks and looks and stares,
Yet never a word say they,
As primly they go on their way.

Hinkety, Inkety, Winkety,
We know you are the stars that point the way
Little children like us should go each day,
Hinkety, Inkety, Winkety.

And Hinkety smiles, Inkety nods,
While Winkety winks and smiles and nods
As slowly they march away,
Still, never a word say they.
Hinkety, Inkety, Winkety!

The Brook

I want to be a boy again
and wade in a
Little Brook;
Wade, barefoot with my
pants rolled above my knees;

Wade and splash
Splash and wade in a
Little Brook;
making sweet lullabies
as it rushes along over
its pebbly bed;

Wade, barefoot with my
pants rolled above my knees;
Wade and splash
Splash and wade in a
Little Brook,
forgetting the years
that have gone,
and hearing
Only
the sweet lullabies
of the Gurgling Brook
as it rushes along over
its pebbly bed;
its white, pebbly bed.

San Gabriel Mission

In the land of the setting sun,
Near the shores of a mighty sea,
Where the swift and wild tides run
From sea to land, then back to sea,
Close by a shining Path of Gold,
I found a Temple gray and old.

Among flowers and greenest moss,
And ivy clinging to the walls,
The foot-worn steps and Holy Cross,
The rusting bells and crumbling walls,
Brought peace and quiet to my soul,—
My erring, restless, wayward soul.

A Lover

The Moon,
A Lover making Love,
threw a Kiss
at the Magnolia Tree,
then ashamed,
hid behind a cloud
as the Stars winked
the one at the other.
The Magnolia Tree
Thrilled and
Quivered and
Shivered
with the Delight
that fills a
Maiden's Heart
as she holds tryst with a
True Lover,
And all through the
Heavy-scented Night
the Stars Watched their
Love-Making.



Love Making

I would
that we could wander,
You and I,
through Eons of Time
up and down the aisles of
God's Cathedral
Love-Making;
with the Yellow Moon
watching behind
slithering clouds
as we wander,
You and I,
through Eons of Time
up and down the aisles of
God's Cathedral,
Love-Making.

The Stolen Kiss

The Sun,
like a Lover going a
journey to a
Far Land,
stole a Kiss last night,
and the Horizon,
like a Sweetheart surprised,
blushed a
Rosy Red,
a Crimson Red,
that grew deeper
and ever deeper,
'til Bold Night
threw his cloak
about Her shoulders and hid her
Blushes behind
His Dark Form.

Youth and Age

Whoso is young,
Is full of songs that must be sung;
Looks on the world with joyful eyes;
Thinks not, cares not, what may befall
And each day meets some new surprise;
Goes gaily on his happy way
Without a thought of that gray day
When death will call.

Whoso grows old,
Is made to know as years unfold
That all the best is yet to come;
Enjoys each day as that day fares,
Thinks not his lot is burdensome,
But fights life's battles like a man,
That does each day the best he can,
And laughs at cares.

Whoso is old
Knows that life's tale will soon be told;
Looks on the world with dimming eyes;
More kindly feels to friend and foe,
Sees glory-hosts up in the skies;
In the murmur of mountain streams
Hears angel anthems in his dreams
And longs to go.

Pleasure Street

In a street of lights — glaring white lights —
Where people crowd like swine after swill,
Jostling, pushing throngs on Pleasure bent;
Breezy, range-land men, seeing the sights,
Happy-go-lucky, footing each bill;
Painted "Vamps" reeking with violet scent,
Seeking men, foul, shameless, acolytes —
Their voices high-pitched, their laughter shrill;
"He Vamps," ogling, with vulgar comment —
Straight from Hell, the Devil's parasites —
Hunting girls, trying to make a kill;
Slant-eyed Heathen from the Orient;
Two sisters, mendicant Carmelites,
With down-cast eyes, calced, doing His will;
"Shop Girls," poor kids, craving excitement;
A dozen jolly young midshipmites,
Home on leave, out to find a new thrill;
Aristocrats, proud of long descent;
All looking for something that excites,
Picture Palaces, Jazz, "Vo-de-vill,"
Drama and Prize Fights and any wild event,
In a street of lights — glaring white lights!

The House of Smiles

Down a shadowy, restful lane,
Behind great nodding purple plumes,
A cottage nestles on the plain
Among sweet-scented lilac blooms.

It smiles and smiles, then smiles again,
This cheery, little house of smiles;
Through days of sunshine or of rain
It smiles to me, — across the miles
It smiles and smiles, then smiles again,
This cheery little house of smiles.

Asleep, awake, or standing guard,
Father, a little stooped and gray,
With mother, comes across the yard;
And I hear the children at their play.

It smiles and smiles, then smiles again,
This cheery little house of smiles;
Through days of sunshine or of rain
It smiles to me, across the miles
It smiles and smiles, then smiles again,
This cheery little house of smiles.

In all the world the dearest spot,
This cheery little house of smiles;
The latch string's out, just pull the knot,
And welcome waits with smiles and smiles.

It smiles and smiles, then smiles again,
This cheery little house of smiles;
Through days of sunshine or of rain
It smiles to me, — across the miles
It smiles and smiles, then smiles again,
This cheery little house of smiles.

Solitude!

SOLITUDE

. . . . Peaceful Solitude!

Nature's relief for the weary soul,
Heartsick at Life's eternal feud,
Seeking for restful quietude,

And escape from Human control—
Solitude Blessed

SOLITUDE!



The Fugitive

Beside an open grave, alone,
I stand. My misdeeds stare at me
As what is left—just clay and bone—
Is laid for all Eternity
In that grave.

I know that what is there was mine—
The House wherein God let me live—
To Dust returned by His design;
My Soul still lives a Fugitive
From that grave.

The Birth

The Sun
peeps over the
edge of the Horizon—
Blushing
like a Maiden coming
from her Bath—
Fleecy, feathery Clouds
a cloak for her shoulders.
Plump and
Vital in every curve of
Her Body.
She hesitates,
then shakes the
Dew Drops from Her eyes
and steps
boldly into view—
Another Day is Born.

Listen

Tolling Bells,

With deep, grieving, sorrowing notes,
Fraught with groaning melancholy,
Stir the air with sadness that floats,
Gently, softly, through space to me.

Oh, ye mournful Bells!

Tolling Bells,

Tell me of a Soul gone away—
Gone! Gone whither? No man can tell;
Gone, we know, forever and aye—
It may be to Heaven—or Hell!
Oh, ye mournful Bells!

Tolling Bells,

Tell me of lonely nights and days,
A mother's grief, an orphan's tears;
Men's bodies, through slow decays,
Rotting to dust with passing years!
Oh, ye grieving Bells!

Tolling Bells,

Tell, tell to me, that I shall meet—
When God wills—all those friends of mine
Traveling down the long, long street,
Eternity, in the Star Shine.

Oh, ye Joyful Bells!

A Soul Revolts

. One of Thousands
I have been condemned to this Place,
Dreary, ill-smelling, damp and cold,
Where loathsome worms crawl in my face
Eating my body into mold,
And my Soul Revolts

. "Killed in Action!"
The graven line above my head
Proclaims that I was in the fight
Where honest men by God were led
Through the roaring fires of Hell's delight,
And my Soul Revolts.

. "Unknown Hero,"
—The Mob acclaims me, and I am Dead!
(Americans! Mourn not for me!
I thank God that my blood was shed
For Human Right—for Liberty!)
And my Soul Revolts.

. Slackers, Traitors
Unfit to die, unfit to live,
Step out from prison cells today
Free! Dear God, I can Not forgive
Him who fought not, who would betray,
And my Soul Revolts

. Take my Vengeance!
To you who are alive I call
Take my Vengeance ! Heed ye my cry
Lest Tyranny shall spread his pall
O'er land and sea, and earth and sky
While my Soul Revolts.

A Vision

As far as I can see
Red Sands—
glowing like coals,
like the coals of a campfire burned low
when the ashes are stirred by the wind—
miles and miles of Red Sands,
beautiful Red Sands,
enticing, coaxing, luring—
Red Sands of Death!

Blue Skies,
fiery Blue Skies—
a wavering blue flame,
wavering as a candle flame before an open door,
a blazing blue flame,
blazing out to the Horizon,
to the Horizon and beyond—
luring, enticing, coaxing,
Blue Flame of Death!

Across the distant spaces
a city looms,
a city of steeples and towers
on the rim of a lake;
a lake whose waters tumble and rush
and rush and tumble in white-crested waves
against a flower-lined shore,
a shore that bends and curves
and curves and bends in graceful lines
under the shadows of green trees—
The Air is Sweet with the Perfume of Flowers.

My Canteen is empty—
My Lips are parched and Dry—
My Tongue is Swollen—
I must Hurry—
I will Drink my Fill!

GOD!

There is No City!
There is No Perfume of Flowers!
There are No Green Trees!
There is No Lake!

GOD!

Glowing Red Sands!
Fiery Blue Skies!
Bloodshot Eyes!
Black, Swollen Tongue!

Wandering,
Staggering,
Circling,
Falling,
Crawling,
Motionless!

Black Wings in the Fire Shot Skies!

Bleaching Yellow Bones!

Drifting Red Sands!

GOD!

Spring

Thy breath is sweet—
sweet with the odor
of bursting buds,
greening grasses
and springing bulbs;
sweet as sap
from fresh-tapped Maple Tree;
Warm as the breast of a Maid.

The warmth of You
glides down the hills,
under the pines,
into the canyons,
and Earth's Cloak—
cold as the grave clothes
that cover the dead—
slips from her shoulders.

Wriggling threads,
twisting and squirming
down,
glint in the shadows
like broken mirrors,
and as they go
sing tender songs of Joy
that You have come.

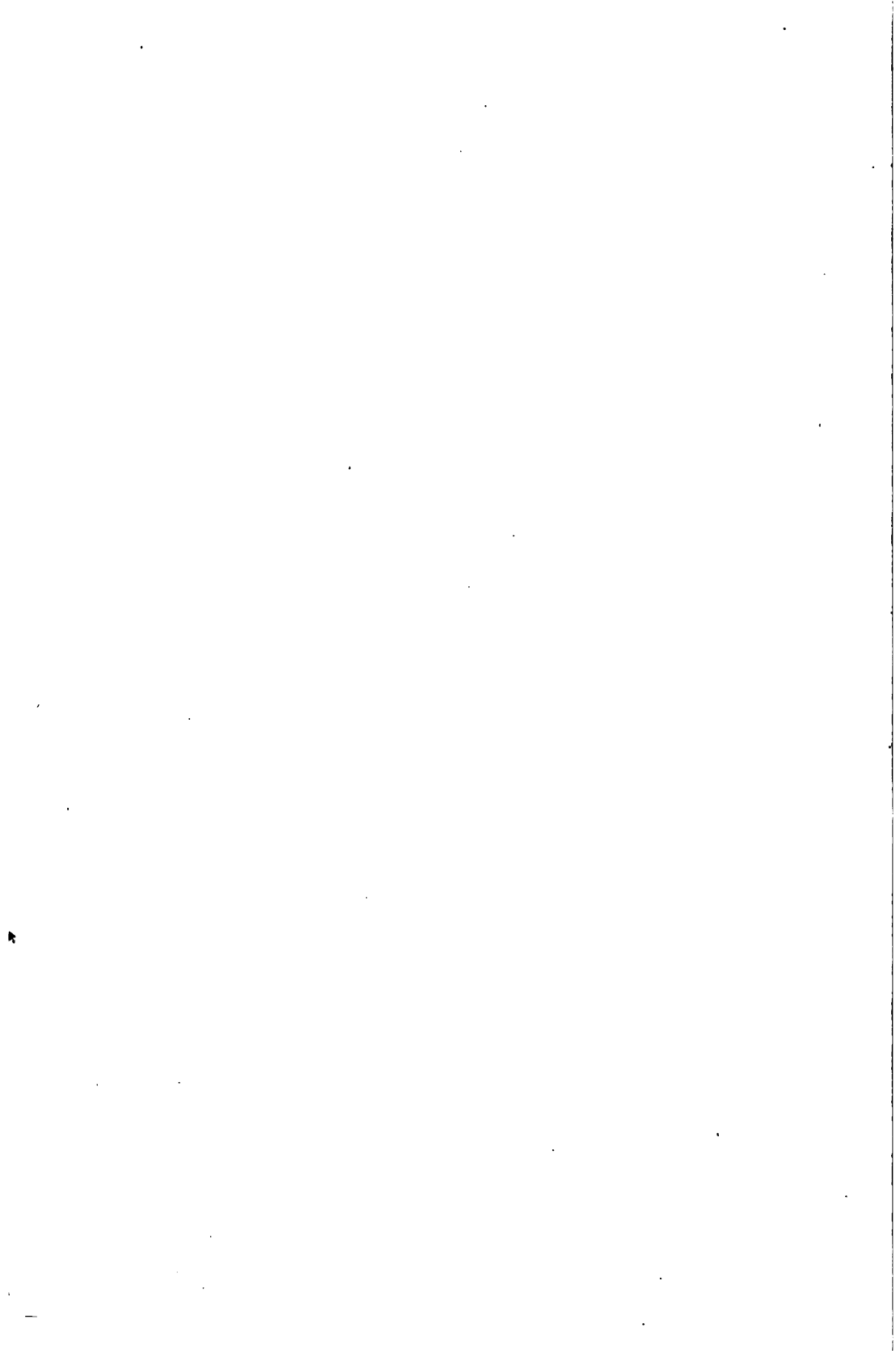
City

Yesterday a Man failed;
His wealth was lost;
His friends were gone;
There were No Flowers.

Sparkling Blue Skies—
skies of romance,
skies of love-making—
bright-eyed Stars,
their faces,
their forms,
seen in dim glory
through silken veils,
lacy silken veils,
white silken veils
woven by the Weavers of Heaven.

With a great Red body,
a powerful, free-moving body,
behind a broad white face,
a face with kindly eyes,
great luminous eyes
that gaze with contented calm,
the Maverick
travels the range,
travels and rustles his food
as each day comes;
no regret for yesterday,
careless of today,
unafraid for the morrow.





Lank, and Lean, and Long,
In grizzled Grey Coat,
grey coat of Fur,
frazzled thin on the flanks,
thinner under the forearms,
hunger in the staring eyes—
Blood Hunger—
the old Dog Wolf stands,
stands motionless,
motionless as a carven stone;
As he sees the "Kill"
the sharp-pointed ears lay back,
flat back, tight to his head,
his fur rises and stands,
his snarling lips draw closer
on his fangs,
glistening white fangs
shining in the moon rays;
he throws back his head
and the deep, full-throated blood call
to his clan
shatters the stillness;
From the East, and from the West,
From the North, and from the South
he hears the rolling answers—

Poor Maverick!

A shivering, quivering cry
spills on the darkness
distressing the night;
another, then another
and yet another
quivers and shivers through the air;
mangy Yellow Coyotes,
tick-bitten, flea-bitten Coyotes,
scavengers of the Hills,
slink in the shadows
to gorge the offal,
to gnaw the bones!

Poor Maverick!

A black dot against the Sun
circles and circles, slowly circles,
then drops down, swiftly down;
other dots appear,
ten of them,
twenty of them;
they circle and circle, slowly circle
and drop down, swiftly down
to polish the bones—
Carrion Vultures,
fighting and quarreling
as they polish the Bones!

Poor Maverick!

Scattered Bones!
Polished Bones!
Blazing, scorching Sun!
Drifting, shifting White Sands!
Busy Ants building a Home!
A Pile of Pebbles!
A Lily Blooming in the Sand!

Poor Maverick!

The Skies remain—
The Maverick is Gone—
The Wolf's Blood Call is Stilled—
The Coyote no longer distresses the Night—
The Vultures have flown away—
The Ant Hill is deserted—
Each Spring the Lily Blooms.

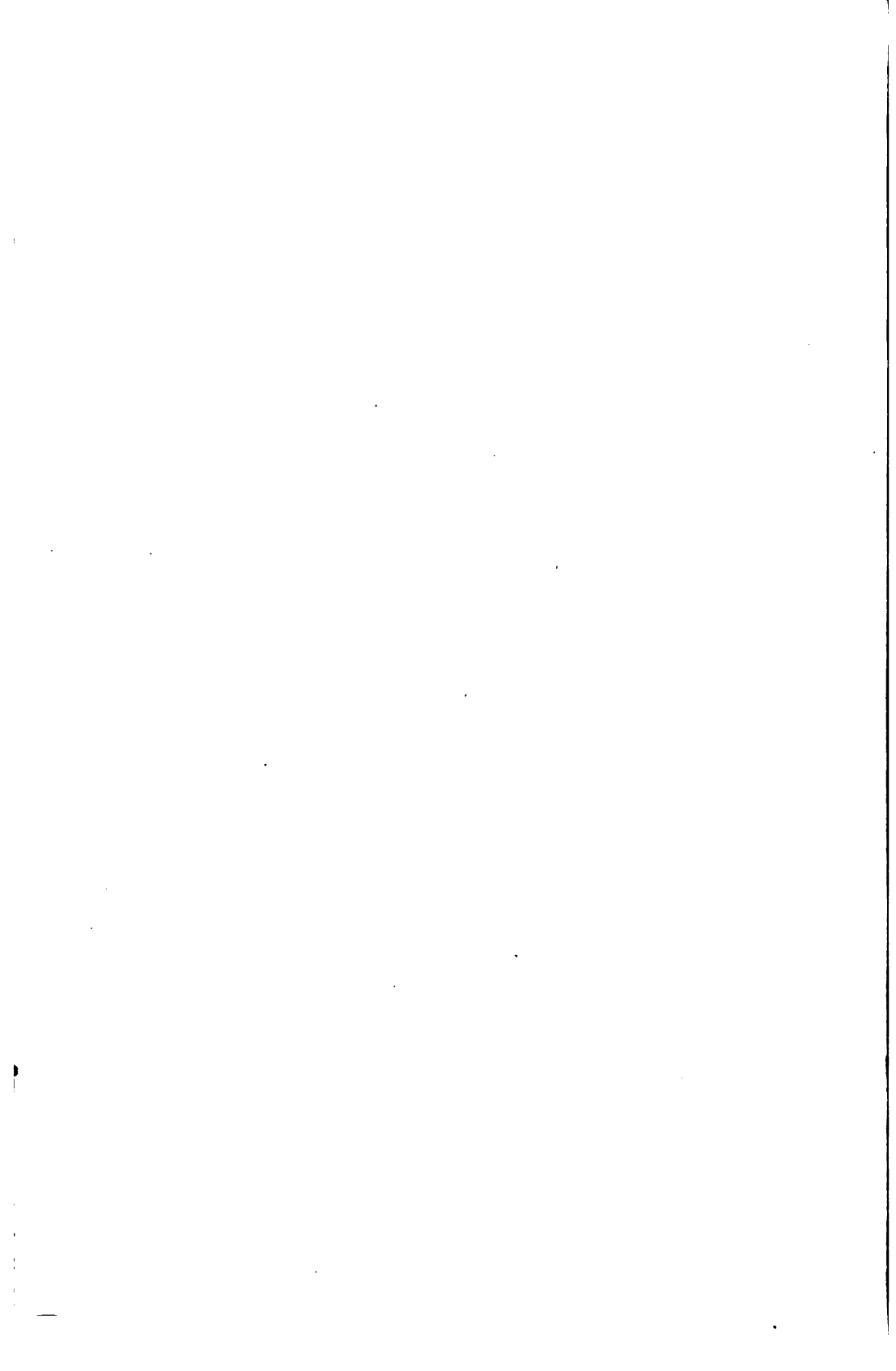
*The more I see of Life
The Greater Is My Love for Flowers.*

A Night In the High Hills.

Out yonder,
beyond the town,
a narrow trail winds into the hills
careless of its way;
a shining silver thread rushes down,
thoughtless of the rocky road,
singing a joyous Psalm
that makes a sweet echo
against the canyon walls
like distant, chiming bells;
the wind whistles soft and low
through the sad and somber pines
and the tones blend and flow
in sweet melody.

The King of Day,
retreating into the West,
backfires the clouds as he goes;
the flames flare on the horizon
a blazing barrier.
Slowly the fire burns out,
a haze of drifting smoke
obscures the light.
A squirrel scurries by,
birds whisper goodnight;
Bedtime prayers are in the air
and God is near.
Languorous, dreamy, soft,
the music floats into my soul.





Shadows, like black smoke,
slow, implacable shadows,
creep up the hillside,
bushes and flowers, trees and rocks
blend in formless blur.
Here and there a blaze stares,
wavering, into the night;
spectral forms flit to and fro.
The smell of pine smoke,
boiling coffee and frying bacon
comes down the wind.
My fire sputters and crackles;
the notes of the canyon orchestra
grow deeper and sweeter.

Wild Things, curious, soft-footed,
pad-pad down the forest aisles
and shyly, with their amber eyes,
look on the intruders.
High up in the pines a bold old bird,
unsatisfied calls down:
Who-who-ah-oo!
Across the hills the hunting call
of a lonesome Wolf rings;
the shrill, wailing cry of a coyote
startles the night—
Bass Viol,
Slide Trombone,
Piccolo.

Lights peep out
in the blue above
as The Lamplighter,
pacing slowly along,
leaves behind a Path of Gold,
the Great White Way.
Veiled by silken tapestries
patterned by the Artists of Heaven
the King of Night
advances out of the East;
My eyes grow heavy,
My ears grow dull,
I draw the blanket closer,
The Music lulls me to sleep.

Two Houses

I have lived since I was born,
four score and ten years ago,
in this Old House—
It is a long time,
four score years and ten—
lived and had my being
in this Old House.

It is old, weathered-stained and grey,
it is dark and gloomy;
no light filters through
the dust-covered windows;
the door is loose on the hinges
and tremulously swings open
while decaying odors float out;
the roof trembles and shakes
on the rotting foundations.

It is unsafe!
I must move!
Where can I go?

Through the darkened windows
dimly seen white hands
beckon me.

Crushed by the years
the Walls give way,
the Roof falls in
and a great dust heap
lies where the House was.

As the foundations fall
the dim-seen hands reach down
and lift me from the wreck.

A New House,
A House that Will Not Decay
has been provided for me.

WHAT SAINTLY FOLK

Doubt

You prate of love,
Swear by the Holy One above,
Pledge by Heaven and Earth and Sea,
Call God as witness to your vows
That you will ever faithful be!
But dare I hold that you'll be true?
Forget your faults and trust to you?
God only knows.

The Dreamer and the Doer

He who is a dreamer of dreams
In solitude sits alone;
His pleasures are visions and schemes
That drift and burst like bubbles blown.

For life's real work he has no thought —
Sees not the battles that must be won;
Dreams of wars that have been fought,
But no great act has ever done.

He who is a doer of things
Dreams not of wars that were victorious,
But fights life's battles as he sings —
Fights and sings through strife laborious.

Rough and tough, but never a shirk
He builds no castles in the air —
His life, his soul is in his work
And "*Do it now!*" his only prayer!

When Dreams Come True

When

Dreams

Come

True

It'll be summer time an' I'll be a barefoot boy again;
There won't be any school — nuthin' t' give a feller pain —
An' Bill, an' Joe, an' me, we'll live right down clost'n th'
crick;

They won't be no bugs, nur *chiggers*, nur nary single tick;
Never'll be no snakes, nur spiders, nur no measly fleas,
An' we'll go a-fishin' ur a-swimmin' any time we please,

When

Dreams

Come

True.

When

Dreams

Come

True

Horses an' mules, an' bo-sheeps, an' little pigs'll have wings,
Waspses nur yellor jackets, nur honey bees won't have stings;
Apples'll grow on tater vines an' watermel'ns in th' trees;
Custard pies'll grow in th' hills an' all th' cows'll give
cream cheese;

They won't be no nights so's a feller'll hav-ta sleep
An' all th' fishin' holes'll be full uv fish an' awful deep,

When

Dreams

Come

True.

When

Dreams

Come

True

They won't be nobuddy kin make me wash my neck an' years,
Nur feet, an' thur won't be nuthin' what kin make me shed
tears

Like I useter when dad he'd lick me 'itha bridle rein;
An' I'll have a surenuff watch, 'itha great big yeller chain;
I'll have whole heaps of munney, an' won't hav-ta work
a-tall,

Nur won't hav-ta go to Sunday School an' read 'bout King
Saul,

When

Dreams

Come

True.

When

Dreams

Come

True

I kin just play marbles all day long 'n never lose a taw,
An' won't never, ever hav-ta wash 'th' dishes fer my maw.
They won't nobuddy make me comb my hair an' git it slick,
An' I'll smoke lots uv big, black seegars 'ithout gittin' sick.
An' I won't do nuthin', 'ceptin' loaf, lessen hit suits me,
You'll see that's just th' way ever'thing is goin' to be,

When

Dreams

Come

True.

I Wonder

I wonder, when I grow old,
Will my disposition be dour,
Rancid, and covered with mold
Like a pan of milk gone sour
From standing too long?

Will all the sweetness be gone—
Drawn, as sap from a girdled tree,
Or the marrow from a bone—
My life not worth a rupee,
Not even a song?

If it be so, I should die
Unwept; pass out of the way
Asking not wherefore nor why,
But go forever and aye—
I was here too long.

"God's in His Heaven"

**Your father's father and his always did that way,
And you, unthinking, bound by habit, do as they;
The death lethargy of habit soon makes man old.
To shake humanity from its rut, to make it bold
New things to do, new thoughts to think, new fashions try
Does God send pestilence, famines, wet years and dry,
Storms, fires, yea, even wars, to wake man's sluggish soul
That he may yet more strongly strive to reach the goal?
Striving, seeking, searching, learn, though backward hurled,
That our *God's in His heaven — all's right with the world!***

Frank Dog

My Dog is dead!
My heart is sad. Can he be dead?
Yet I dug his grave on the hill,
Laid him there, waiting for me, head
On paws, watching, stiff and cold and still.
I miss you more than I can say,
Miss you, Frank Dog, every day,
For you are dead!

My Dog is dead!
A shepherd — pure Australian bred —
When the storm clouds were in the sky,
A blizzard raging overhead,
He would be with his sheep or die,
Close-herding them across the ranges —
For them had love that never changes,—
And now he's dead!

My Dog is dead!
A pile of granite at his head
Marks the place I laid him away;
There he'll rest till time shall have sped
And my end has come — he'll know the day —
Then with a joyous bark his soul
Will meet my soul, as the bells toll;—
Alive, not dead!

By the Hand of God

The new-born sun, out of the womb of night,
Floods mountain and plain with a holy light;
Glorifies, beautifies each rock and tree,
Each flower and shrub the *human* eye can see.

Magnificent sight! Rugged mountains high
With hats of snow. Below, green valleys lie;
Tinted in myriad colorings, soft,
Silvery, feathery clouds, float aloft.

The dying sun slowly sinks into space;
Fires the black, low-hanging clouds as they race
With crimson and gold; red, purple and pink,
Until all shades into cold blackness sink.

Silently, one by one, the eyes of night,
Glittering, brilliant, flashing and bright,
Marshal to their places while the clouds look on;
Shining jewels, fit settings for His crown.





The Great Architect

An hundred thousand generations have died
And rotted; crawling worms have made dust of the clays
That held their souls; winds have blown it far and wide
Through the Eons that have flown into yesterdays.

The end came not for God was in His Heaven.

The works they builded and wrought have passed away;
Gone, with the dust of the Builders, before the wind;
God's Temple, not built with hands, though worn and gray,
Holds your faith, clearing the doubts that cloud your
mind.

The end came not for God was in His Heaven.

An hundred thousand generations shall die
And rot; fat, loathsome worms will feed on the clays
That held their tight souls; here and there they will lie,
Sinners, waiting Judgment on that Day of Days.

The end cometh not for God is in His Heaven.

What they shall build in the ages to come
Will crumble to dust as the centuries go;
God's Temple shall stand 'till the Millennium
Day. He built it and willed it should be so.

The end cometh not for God is in His Heaven.

The Village Priest

The Village Priest, grown thin and gray,
Through years of service—love forborne—
Knelt, alone, at the close of day,
Before the Altar, old and worn.

The candle flames threw a holy light
Upon his pale, ascetic face;
His hands, so slender and so white,
Slowly found their accustomed place.

The Crucifix, those loving hands
Pressed against his lips that prayed
For those who war in other lands;
“Pax Dei, may their hands be stayed!”

That Flags of War would all be furled
His greatest hope was for the morrow.
For humankind throughout the world
He wept with scalding tears of Sorrow.

For every soul, living or dead,
Christian, or one with crime a-taint,
A short prayer unto God he said:
“Peace be with them, sinner or saint.”

Throughout the long and lonesome night
Knelt there before the Altar's face—
There the Sexton, in the dawn's pale light,
Found him—dead, glorified by grace!

Two Battles

With grim, black, visage and carriage bold,
In a flowing cloak with spurs of gold,
A Horseman rides, as a Knight of Old,
Relentlessly rides, across the wold
 Tilting his lance for the fray.

Step by step the stubborn Bowman goes,
Slowly retreats to the high plateaux,
Hides behind drifting, shifting shadows,
Then steals away as a cold wind blows,
 So Night hath vanquished Day.

Behind the eastern hills the Bowman,
Preparing to storm the barbican,
Scales the castle walls, drives the ruffian
Off, out; — beyond the meridian,
 A bonfire blazes on the night.

The Bonfire flames and flares through the skies
In colors that blind the Horseman's eyes;
Swiftly the Great Bowman comes and spies
Out the land, the dark Horseman defies,
 So Night hath vanquished Day!

Truth

In the Graveyard,
on the Hill,
I wandered
the narrow paths along—
alone,—
scanned the Tombstones
standing there like
Sentinels;
Read
the names
and the Fulsome praise,
graven on their fronts, and
Thought:
“God, What Saintly Folk
were these who are
Dead!”

Why Fear?

Why fear?

God willed that you should be born, and you were born;
He likewise willed you should die, and will die.
Birth is a beautiful thing; a soul comes to earth;
Death is a beautiful thing; a soul goes to God.

Why fear?

Will You Care?

**Will you care,
When you are dead,
What anyone said
Of the life you led?
When you are dead,
Will you care?**

The Sentence

Within the walls —
of this old Castle —
massive, turreted walls —
with steel-barred windows
and heavy iron doors in the
Gray Granite Walls,
I will stay.

I shall keep a
Company of Guards,
in uniforms and with
High-powered guns,
Whose footsteps will echo,
Day and Night,
as they march up and down,
in the dim-lit corridors
Watching over my safety —
Echo and re-echo,
Day and Night,
as they march up and down,
in the stone-flagged corridors,
Watching over my safety. . . .

And Well,
for the next
Ten Years
I will be safe.

It is not so long —
Ten Years —
as is an Hundred. . . .

*But Time is of no consequence
Now!*

James Whitcomb Riley

Our friendly friend has gone away,
Voyaging to an unknown shore.
Grieve not, for the moldering clay,
His soul will need it nevermore.

How joyous now his songs will be;
The cheering thoughts forever young,
Will stronger come to you and me
As day by day they are re-sung.

The Creeping Death

*(Based on the Nevada Law Providing for the Execution of
Criminals by the Use of Lethal Gas.)*

Within that House,
a little concrete House
with a flat roof,
a long, narrow window,—
a window where the watchers stood,
curious, morbid watchers
waiting to see a man die—
and a door that closes tight,
tight as the top of a fruit jar,
Men bound me to a chair,
bound me with leathern thongs
so tightly that I could not move.

They looked on me as though
I was an overgrown Gopher
or a Rat in a trap,
Not a Man,
and left me there, alone,
bound to the chair,
closing the door as they went.

I heard a sharp sucking sound
as though a tight-seated valve
had been suddenly loosed—
then silence,
heart-breaking silence.

A Creeping Thing,
cold as Dead Hands
unseen, unheard,
but clammy and cold and
creeping swiftly
came through the Silence and
laid its icy fingers on my flesh;
the odor of the Grave,
dank as mists over a swamp,
assailed by nostrils;
creeping, creeping, ever creeping
toward my Heart
the Cold Fingers froze my blood—
I was Dead!

I stood apart—the Soul of Me—
and saw the Watchers at the window,
the curious, morbid Watchers,
as they nodded their heads
the one to the other.
I heard a rushing, hissing sound
and the clammy Creeping Thing
its Devil's Mission done—
went as swiftly as it had come,
taking with it the odor of the grave.

The door swung back,
men unbound my body from the chair,
straightened out my limbs.
The Creeping Thing Had come
was gone,
I was Dead!

I was a Murderer,
I had killed a Man.

*Society killed me.
Is Society a Murderer?*

*The crime I had done is punished.
My body has been killed by Society.
Thank God! My Soul Still Lives!*

My Epitaph

I surely know
That one gray day
God will call my soul away
And I must go.

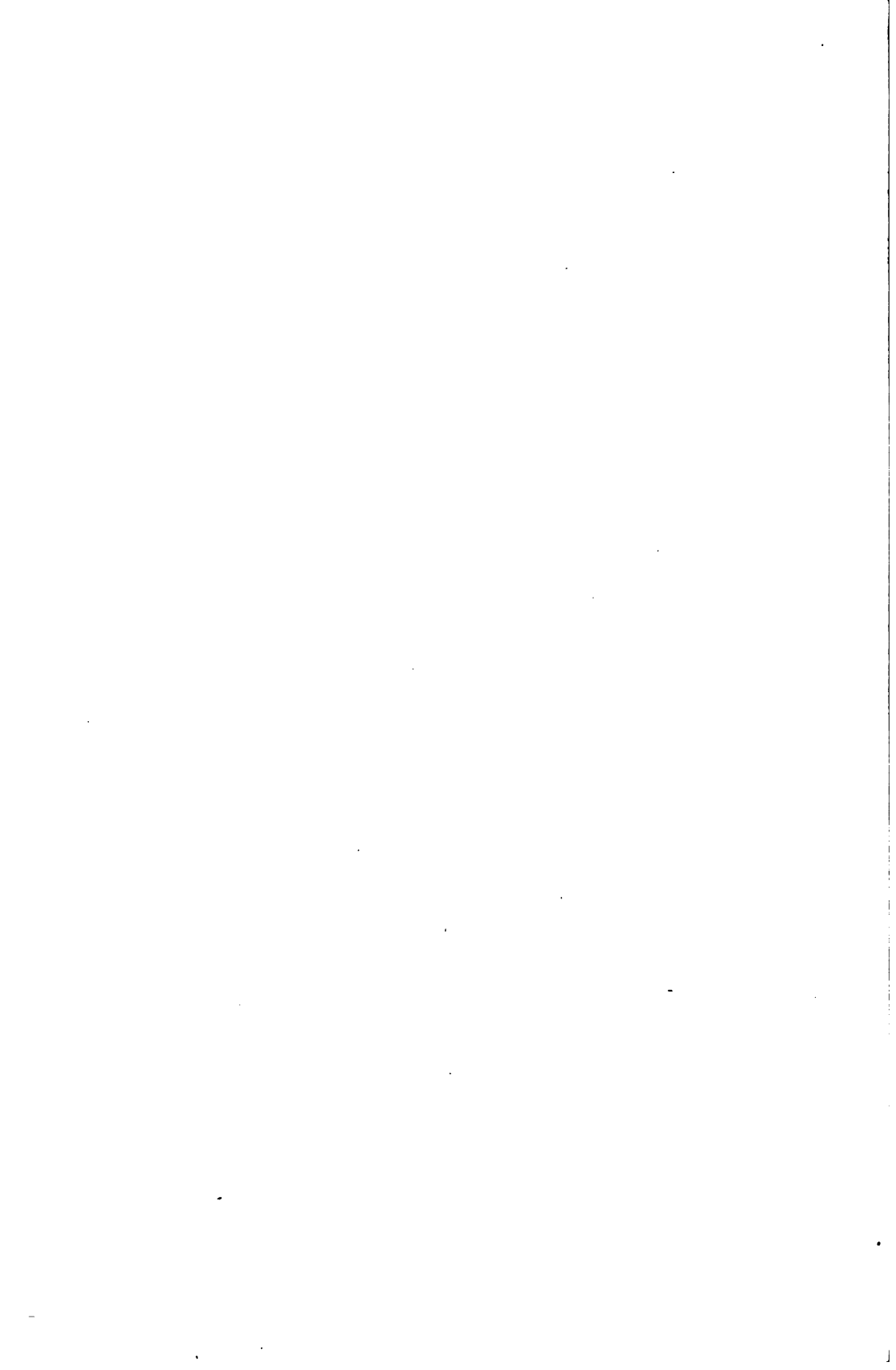
When leaving here
For over there,
That mystic, silent *somewhere*,
Mine eyes will clear.

I will have no fear
In the darkness
Which comes before the brightness,
And shed no tear.

I only pray
The lines above
My tomb, graven deep by love,
To all will say:

*"Money was less
To his great soul
Than human right, and his goal
Was happiness."*

**OUR FOREFATHERS
BROUGHT FORTH**



The Day a Nation Was Born

*Dedicated to the Sons and Daughters of the
American Revolution.*

Can we forget that wonderful night, so long ago,
When, from the Old North Church tower, two lanterns' glow
Sped the message to waiting Paul Revere: "Mount, and
ride!

British troops are marching on our fair countryside!
Wake Liberty's defenders with a clarion call!
Arm yourselves! Resist the tyrant with powder and ball!"
Can we, will we, forget that ride through the starlit night,—
The bloody massacre of brave men untrained to fight?

On April the nineteenth, seventeen seventy-five,
A Nation was born; an infant weak, barely alive.
As the night shades were driven back by approaching day,
Led by Pitcairn, the British troops, in battle array,
Faced Lexington's Minute Men. Heroes from towns and
farms.

"Disperse, ye villains! Ye rebels, disperse! Lay down your
arms!"

Then fired the deadly volley that made Freedom sure;
Independence the only thought of minds great and pure.

Jonas Parker, Isaac Muzzey, on the roll of dead;
Jonathan Harrington, Robert Monroe, not one fled,
Stood on the village green in the early morning light,
With Asabel Porter and John Brown, gave life for right;
Caleb Harrington, shot, as he entered the church door;
And brave Samuel Hadley, left weltering in his gore;
Make up the list of Lexington's martyrs, eight all told,—
Such a story of brave men and true can not grow old!

The brave villagers of Concord, with the rising sun,
Gathered under the Liberty Pole. Father and son,
In Freedom's cause, stood side by side on the village green.
The Red Coats, eight hundred or more, grim-faced and keen,
Came swiftly, with swinging step, to charge the Minute Men,
Who, pitifully few, retreated across the glen;
Plain farmers in homespun clothes, but shining in their eyes
The Glorious Soul of Liberty that never dies.

Preacher Emerson's house stood by the Old North Bridge;
The godly man, with fiery glance, halted them on the ridge;
There they waited, until Barrett commanded the few;
"Advance across the bridge; don't fire 'til they fire at you!"
They started, kept going, meaning to cross; three shots came.
Parson Emerson, watching, felt rising fear and shame,
"Father in Heaven, aren't they going to shoot?" he said.
"Fire, fellow soldiers! For God's sake, fire! Avenge your
dead!"

Quick a scattering volley came, scorching, leaden hail
Straight into the faces of King George's men, who, doomed to
fail,
Faltered, broke, and soon were in rapid, full retreat
(These regulars who came the Minute Men to defeat).
They stopped not, nor halted, but leaving their wounded and
dead,
Sought safety in flight, each seeking to save his own head.
The countryside aroused, each fence, and stump, and tree,
Sheltered a man fighting to make his country free.

From Concord, through Lexington, across the bloody green
Where murder was done by the tyrant's battle machine,
Fled the Red Coats, whipped and beaten by the Minute Men
Swift gathering from town and farm. Hidden in each glen
The Fathers of Freedom, unafraid, undaunted, fought;
Foundation laid for a Nation great beyond their thought;
Consecrated as Holy Ground each foot of the way
From Concord to Boston Town with the blood spilt that day!

Heroes of Long Ago

(MEMORIAL DAY)

Abraham Lincoln says. "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched—as surely they will be—by the better angels of our nature."

Day apart! More sacred with the passing years,
Recalling to our Nation, broad and wide,
A time of bitter strife, of bloodshed and tears,
When brave men died to stem Rebellion's Tide.
Brother met brother, and father met son,
At Cedar Creek,—*Sheridan miles away*—
Pittsburg Landing, Gettysburg and Bull Run,
Battling, one for the Blue, one for the Gray.

Heroic days! Graven on history's pages
By sabre and bayonet, red and deep;
Tale of glory to live throughout the ages!
Glorious monument to those who sleep
In cold and silent cities of the dead!
Lasting tribute to gallant men and brave
Who for country and flag their life blood shed;
Gave all that man can give to free the slave.

From east and west they came, young men and old,
 "A Hundred Thousand Strong," and thousands more;
Their love for the Stars and Stripes untold.
 Came at the call to face the cannon's roar;
Came, never faltering upon the way,
 Grim-set in purpose Freedom to maintain,
Each man among them ready for the fray;
 Came, humans to release from slavery's chain.
Came other thousands from the east and west;
 The Stars and Bars unfurled to southern skies;
Fought for a losing cause, one they thought best;
 Sought the Union to dissolve; break the ties
That bind our holy sisterhood of States;
 Erect another Empire in the land,
Compel a separation from their mates;
 Fought, until crushed by weight of a stronger hand!

Stand, ye people, with uncovered heads today!
 Pause a moment beside each grass-grown mound;
Bow in silent prayer for Blue and Gray,
 Each now beyond the flaring trumpet's sound!
Look Heavenward! See, floating there, the blue
 Bedecked with Stars of Snow, each one for a State,
And Stripes of Red and White, the emblem true
 Of Freedom and a people strong and great!
These veterans old, slow-moving down the street,
 With weary, dragging steps and low-bent head,
Like soldiers, whipped and beaten, in retreat,
 Once faced the burning, scorching hail of lead;
Went through the battle-shock in solid rank,
 Ever ready, ever brave,—sometimes rash;
To silence the sound of the slave chain's clank
 Withstood the cavalry's impetuous dash!

Be men today, like those of Sixty One,
Now silently sleeping beneath the sod!
Stop not, nor falter 'til your task is done!
As they, so shall you pass under the rod!
So live your life that when the Bugle Call
Of our Commander falls upon your ear,
In humble cot or stately mansion's hall,
You will ready be to answer make: "Here!"

Our Hero Dead

Our Hero dead!

Ye suffered, and fought, and bled
On the fields of France where poppies blow.
Held high the flaming torch of red,
High held It—set the world aglow
With Hope; rang tyranny's death knell,
Then, unafraid, cleaned up Hell
And now are dead.

Our Hero dead!

Beneath the blue, and white, and red
Lies the clay that housed each soul
Worthless, useless—thy souls have sped,
Thy names writ on God's Honor Roll.
Thy father's hope, thy mother's pride,
Now, silent, ye lie side by side,
For ye are dead.

Our Hero dead!

Ye went with the Flag—where it led—
Our chosen sons, brothers of mine,
Each one a gallant thorobred.
It was God's will—His plan divine,
That ye should each be bold and brave
And reach Paradise thro the grave
When ye are dead.

"They Shall Not Pass!"

"They shall not pass!"

Thy fathers said, as the gray-clad mass
Drove at the line—Devils from Hell—
With flaming fires and deadly gas—
God alone could the end foretell.
These glorious word on history's pages
Men shall read thro all the ages
"They did not pass!"

"They shall not pass!"

For thee 'twas said, my little lass,
For thee, thy father's manly son.
For ev'ry one of ev'ry class
Thy fathers fought, and bled, and won.
In fields where snow-white lilies nod
Grimly stood 'til death—the world thanks God
"They did not pass!"

"They shall not pass!"

'neath mounds of earth, o'ergrown with grass,
Thy fathers, sleeping, are at rest,
And holy priests at ev'ry mass
Shall name their names among the blest,
As our children's children and theirs
Praise God in never-ending prayers,
"They did not pass!"

"The Kaiser and the Kaiser's Son"

*Taken from the passage in the Bible "Destruction cometh.
They shall seek peace; and there shall be none."—2 Ezekiel,
7:25.*

**"They shall seek peace"—
As do unshriven souls—release
From the all-consuming fires of hell.
Forgetting all the crimes they've done
On bended knees their virtues tell.
Tho they plead for a billion years
God's mandate ever burns their ears:
"There shall be none!"**

**"They shall seek peace"—
As Jason sought the Golden Fleece
Thro the gates of Symplegades—
The Kaiser and the Kaiser's son.
But ever from the sobbing seas
Will come the cries of those who sleep;
And while the seas the white sands sweep
"There shall be none!"**

**"They shall seek peace"—
Their black shades—under bond and lease—
Shall, restless, wander thro the years
Midst rotting flesh and carrion,
And blood and bones, and children's tears.
As they have sown, so shall they reap;
And while the angels their virgils keep
"There shall be none!"**

**"They shall seek peace"—
From the southermost chersonese
To the north's cold and barren shore,
From the rising to the setting sun,
Their black shades—under bond and lease—
Friendless, journey forevermore,
The wide, wide world a prison cell.
For such as they—unfit for hell—
"There shall be none!"**

LILIES OF THE FIELD





Lilies of the Field

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say I unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."
—Matt. 6:28.

A Desert Wanderer, gray and old,
Sitting by my fireside this story told,—
Story of Nature's woodland bowers,
God's love and His beautiful flowers:

"Theys er big bunch uv flowers an' weeds
In Wyoming. Winds scatter ther seeds
An' they jist grows whurever they fall;
But I likes ther lilies best uv all.

"Ther Amber is er leetle feller,
An' is er awful purty yellor;
So's Golden Stars, in Arizony,
An' Easter Bells, an' Mariposy.

"An' Dog-tooth, an' Gold-eyed Grass,
An' Drops of Gold, some looks jist like brass;
An' Irises, an' Pussy Ears, too,
Theys lots more,—I've spoke only a few.

"Then theys er hull lot up uther kinds:
Pizen Sego, she's white, ef yer finds
One uv 'em leave her bulby roots be
'Cause they'll kill anything you ever see.

"An' ther Kamas, she's pizen, an' Hell'bore,
An' Zigydene thet hez or green core;
An' Soap Weed, theys quite sum folks eats hit,
Theyuns says ther haint nuthin' beats hit.

"Wild Ingerns, white an' purple, an' pink,
Blue Dicks an' Ookows, jist like blue ink,
An' Fire Crackers whuts jist ther right red,
An' Clintony, looks nice in er bed.

"An' thurs an' awful lot gits by me,
Cause us ther Latin. Ther best I see
Is ther Mariposy, an' ther Bells,
An' v'ilets, theys jist like as I tells.

"Kaint be no doubt, God, He made 'em all;
Theys sum uv 'em short, an' sum theys tall;
An' colors, theys pink, vi'let, blue,
Orange, purple, yellor, brown an' acru.

"I kud jist set here an' talk all night
'Bout ther purty things thet kums ter sight,
W'en yers wanderin' same ez I've bin,
En hit meks yer fergit erbout sin.

"I'm clean tuckered out; gittin' old,
I reckon. Ef I kin be so bold,
An' yer'll show me whur, I'll jist turn in,
An' then I'll be right ready fer ther mornin'.

The Old Wanderer's quiet, simple tale
Set me to thinking of how we fail
To enjoy our lives; to do the things
We ought; pass by the bitter stings.

And thinking, fell asleep in my chair;
Saw flowers, on my walls old and bare;
The Angel Choir and the Cross of Gold;
Then, with a start, awoke cramped and cold.

“Hits jist lak I wuz talkin’ last night,
Feller lak me shore does see er sight
Uv diff runt, purty things wand’rin’ roun’
Whut he never wud loafin ’bout town.

“They wuz wunst er young bot ’ny feller
Tole me all Sunflowers wusnt yellor:
Thet they wuz white, an’ purple, an’ pink,
An’ they wuz sum jist lak crimson ink.

They moren ten thousand kinds, so he sed,
But I cudn’t git hit through my ole hed
Ez how er Red Thistle wuz wun kind;
I jist thought he wuz outen he’s mind.

"There plain Sage Bresh, she's er Sunflower;
W'y thet feller cud talk by ther hour;
An' so 's Brittle Bush, an' Pink Brown Foot,
An' Fleabane, an' Cut Leaf Balsaam Root.

"Desert Holly's pink an' grows from seed;
Hits odd, but taint purty lak Sneeze Weed;
Desert Stars hez leetle lilac rays,
Feller sed. I wuz 'ith 'im fer days.

"Got my hed chuck full. Theys Golden Girls,
An' Mornin' Brides, luks lak they hed curls;
An' Gum Weed, an' Desert Coropsis,
An' Pearly Everlastin', an' Trixis;

"Theys Sunshine, meks ther groun' luk lak gold,
Hits purtier then ther Marygold;
Tidy Tips, theys both white an' yellor,
An' Tiny Tim's er leetle feller;

**"Theys Mule Ears, an' Susans 'ith black eyes,
Y'u'd think they wuz winkin' at ther skies;
Arnica, she grows up in ther hills,
An' Ragwort 'longside uv mountain rills.**

**"Paper Flowers, theys better'n home-made;
Skevish, she allers grows in ther shade,
Brass Buttons an' Blankets,—soun's lak bed,—
An' theys lots uv Latin names he sed.**

**"Dog Fennel, hits 'nuther Sunflower,
Kinder smelly arter er shower;
Thers Daisies, Asters, an' Butter Heads,
Same's yer'll see in city flower beds.**

**"Solidago means jist Golden Rod,
An' hit meks yer think they is er God
Whuts keepin' watch frum His home erbove,
An' meks ther flowers ter show His love.**

"I ' goin' over on ther mountain;
Mebbe I 'll kum back ternite ergain,
An' then I 'll tell yer uv er lot more
Thet 'll mek yer think uv ther Golden Shore.

"Feller kaint live in ther open air
Fer long, 'ithout gittin' ter be square
An' hones' in whut he does an' says,
'Cause he's readin' thet lesson all-ays."

This was the Old Wanderer's good-bye;
I watched his form against the sky
As slowly he toiled up the trail
Like one in quest of the Holy Grail.

Felt and knew that he, though old and bent,
Had the blessing of a mind content,
The love of Nature and Nature's God,—
Was ready to pass under the rod.

.

"The Old Wanderer was here last night;
Was off for the mountains at daylight;
Said he'd be back; ought to be here soon;
It's dark these nights when there is no moon.

"The old codger is silent and queer;
Lives his life without a single fear;
Loves Nature and Nature's God on high,
The wild flowers that bloom but to die.

"The desert silence has won his soul;
His wants are few; only a blanket roll,
Bacon and bread, a pipe, tobacco,
Coffee, salt, and he's ready to go.

"There he is now, coming down the hill;
At supper he'll be silent and still;
Won't have time to do a thing but eat;
After—he'll tell us of flowers sweet."

.

"I haint never got it in my hed,"
His pipe lighted, the Wanderer said,
"How ez eny man cud be so mean
Ez not ter luv flowers, theys so clean.

"Thars peas; theys an awful lot uv 'em,
Sums on vines, sum on er sticker stem;
But theys all flowers thet hez ter bloom
Ter mak God's airth smell lak sweet perfume.

"I found er big bunch up thar: Deer Weed
It wuz; I brung yer some uv ther seed;
An' if yer'll plant 'em next spring yer'll see
They jist ez purty ez they can be!

"Theys yellor, an' so's there lil Bird-Foot,
An' ther Buck Bean; yer can't plant ther root
'Cause they won't grow; then theys sum blue,
An' pink, an' red, most eny hue.

"They is whut sum folks call ther Crow Toes;
Yer'll find 'em most ever place yer goes,
En uther folks names 'em Cat's Clover,—
Purty things, 'ith flowers all over.

"Alfalfy haint nuthin' but er pea;
Yaller Lupine grows tall lak er tree,
Smells awful sweet an' grows in ther sand
Clost ter water; won't grow on dry land.

"Quaker Bonnets is all blue an' white,
Growin' on hillsides they mek er sight
Thets jist ez purty ez hit kin be,
eks yer think uv ther waves on ther sea.

"In Californy theys wun whut grows
Bigger'n them yer'll see at flower shows;
They is all shades an' colors uv red;
Bewterful,—nothin' more kind be said!

"Lady Fingers, some calls 'em Sheep Pod,
Luk lak er kroshay mat on ther sod,
Bein5 all silv'ry white an' gray,
An' pink flowers ev'ry-which-way.

"Rattle Weed an' Californy Tea,
Sour Clover an' ther Utah Sweet Pea,
An' Scotch Broom, is pleasin' to ther eye
Ez most things yer'll find under the sky.

"You wuz tellin' arbout ther big strike
In Arizony, an' I'll jist hike
Fur thar. Thars er lot uv gold in her hills,—
Mebbe I'll find hit ef God so wills."

Wonderful man, this Wanderer old,
Prospecting, digging, searching for gold;
Living in tranquil faith, day by day,
That all things will come in God's own way.

I have heard sermons by preachers great,
And noble men of high estate,
Whose polished sentences held no thought
Of God, or the wonders He has wrought.

Wandering, his end will come some day;
'Mid flowers his soul will wing its way
Through space to a garden in the sky,
Where flowers will bloom and never die.

"I Am the Resurrection"

It is Easter!

Everywhere Lilies swing to and fro,
symbols of Resurrection Day,
pure as the Soul of the Maid
who, with incense-laden breath,
gives simple Faith and Love
in voiceless prayer.

It is Easter!

It is Easter!

Everywhere is Music, soft and low—
echo of the Harps His Angels play
in the Holy Serenade
for Victory over Death—
sweet anthems from above,
a chorus in the air.

It is Easter!

It is Easter!

Everywhere are Doves, white as snow,
bringing man the Olive Spray—
His Message: "Be Not Afraid."
He who Loves will know no Death
But live in the wondrous Love
of God's Son and Heir.

It is Easter!

